Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

OCT.
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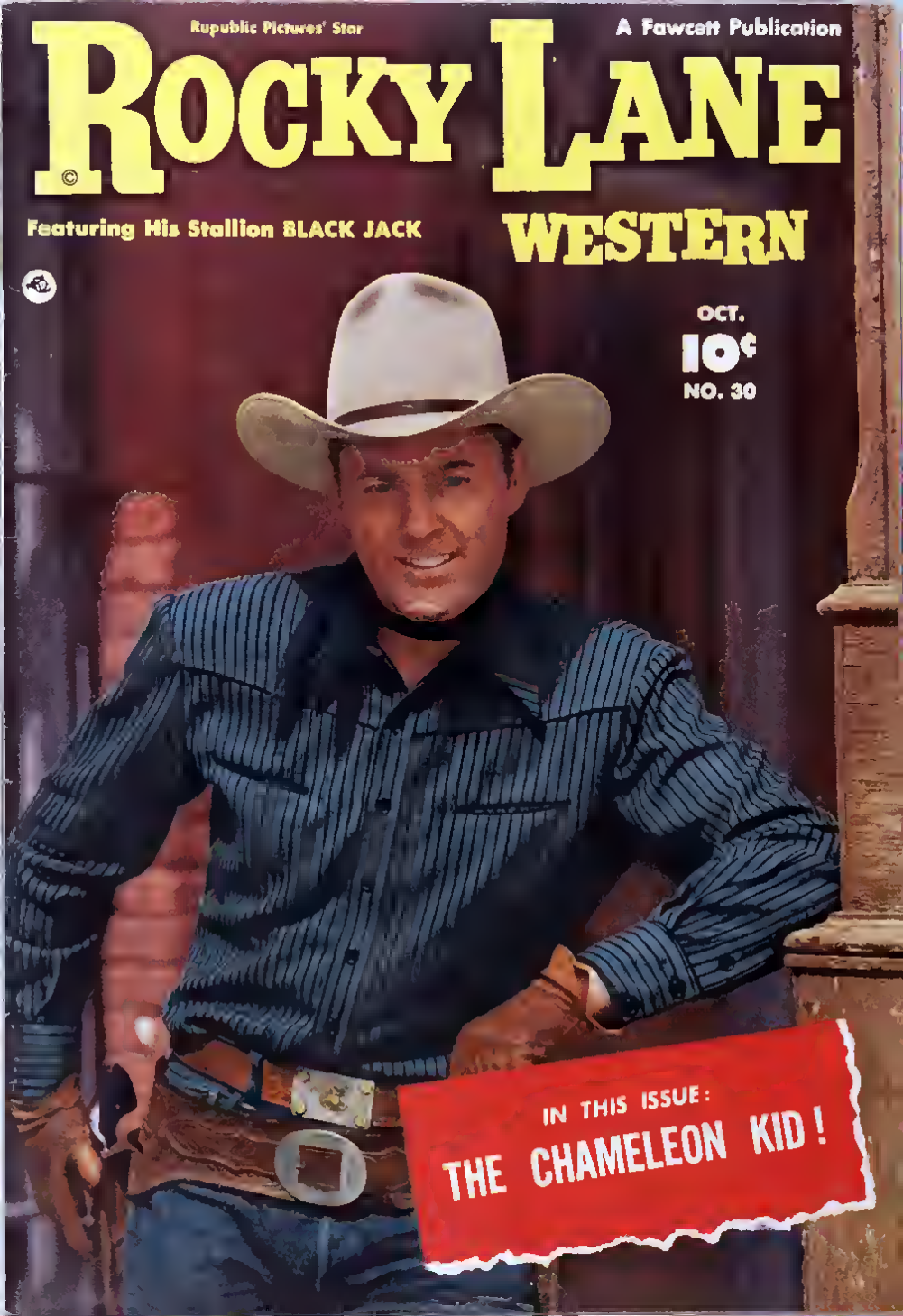
NO. 30



IN THIS ISSUE:
THE CHAMELEON KID!

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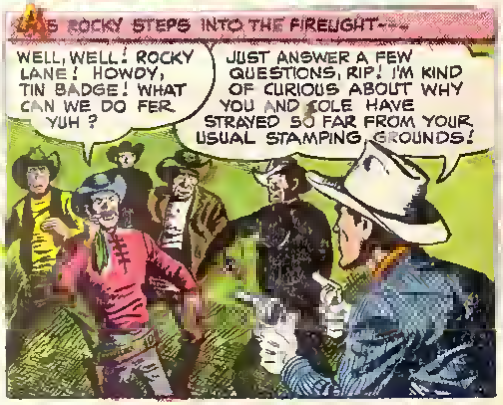
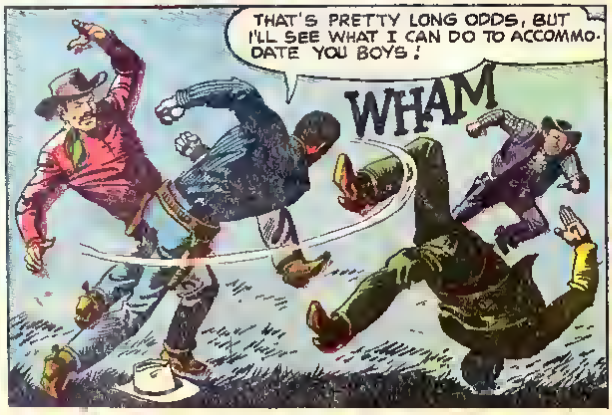
LATE ONE NIGHT, SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE MOVES THROUGH THE SADDLE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY!
FASTER, BLACK JACK! I WANT TO GET TO DEERHORN TONIGHT! THAT TOWN'S THE CENTER OF ALL THE TROUBLE THAT'S BEEN REPORTED IN THIS AREA!

WAIT! THERE'S A FIRE DOWN THERE IN THAT DRAW! THAT'S A STRANGE SPOT FOR A CAMP WITH DEERHORN SO CLOSE!

A MIGHTY ROUGH-LOOKING BUNCH! COLE WINTERS AND RIP SAWYER--- TWO OF THE WORST GUNSLICKS IN THE TERRITORY! I'D BETTER CHECK ON THIS!


AS ROCKY STEPS INTO THE FIRELIGHT---
WELL, WELL! ROCKY LANE! HOWDY, TIN BADGE! WHAT CAN WE DO FER YUH?
JUST ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS, RIP! I'M KIND OF CURIOUS ABOUT WHY YOU AND COLE HAVE STRAYED SO FAR FROM YOUR USUAL STAMPING GROUNDS!

YOU ASKED YOUR QUESTION, LAWMAN! NOW HERE'S YOUR ANSWER!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! WE'RE FIVE TO ONE! LET'S GET HIM!
BAM


THAT'S PRETTY LONG ODDS, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO ACCOMMODATE YOU BOYS!
WHAM

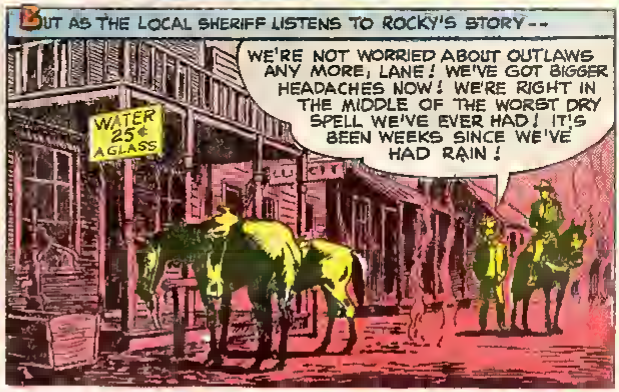
BUT WITHOUT WARNING---
OKAY, LANE! YOU'RE FINISHED!
ZAM

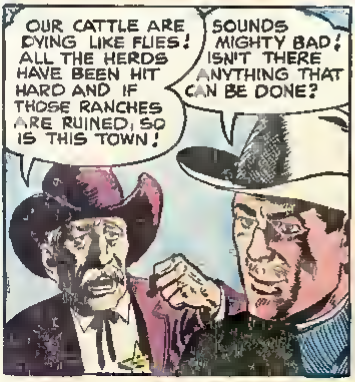
ONE SIDE! I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH LANE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
EASY, RIP! IF YOU KILL HIM, THESE HILLS WILL SWARM WITH LAWMEN--- AND THE BOSS WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!

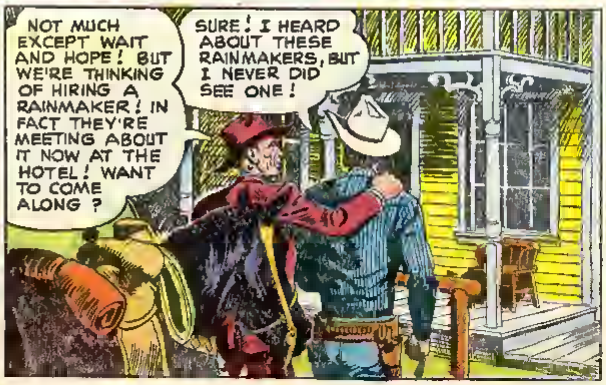
BESIDES, LANE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO GET A THING ON US SINCE OUR NEW BOSS SHOWED US HOW TO OPERATE THE SMART WAY!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! WELL, LET'S START MOVING. I WANT TO BE FAR AWAY WHEN THAT HOMBRE WAKES UP.

IT'S ALMOST DAWN WHEN ROCKY COMES TO!
MY HEAD'S SPLITTING, BUT I'D BETTER START AFTER THAT GANG! WITH WINTERS AND SAWYER AMONG THEM, THOSE COYOTES ARE UP TO NO GOOD!

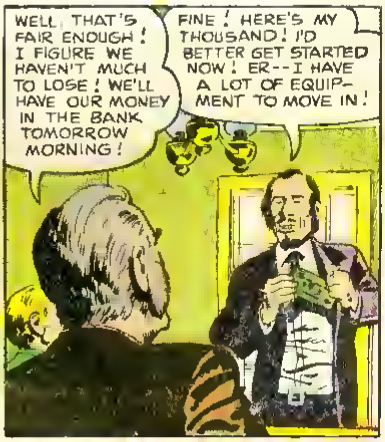
BUT IN THE ROCKY COUNTRY, THE SECRET MARSHAL SOON LOSES THE TRAIL AND--
IT'S NO USE GOING FURTHER SINCE I'M SO CLOSE TO DEERHORN, I MIGHT AS WELL WARN THE AUTHORITIES THERE!


BUT AS THE LOCAL SHERIFF LISTENS TO ROCKY'S STORY--
WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT OUTLAWS ANY MORE, LANE! WE'VE GOT BIGGER HEADACHES NOW! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORST DRY SPELL WE'VE EVER HAD! IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE WE'VE HAD RAIN!
WATER 25¢ A GLASS


OUR CATTLE ARE DYING LIKE FLIES! ALL THE HERDS HAVE BEEN HIT HARD AND IF THOSE RANCHES ARE RUINED, SO IS THIS TOWN!
SOUNDS MIGHTY BAD! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE?

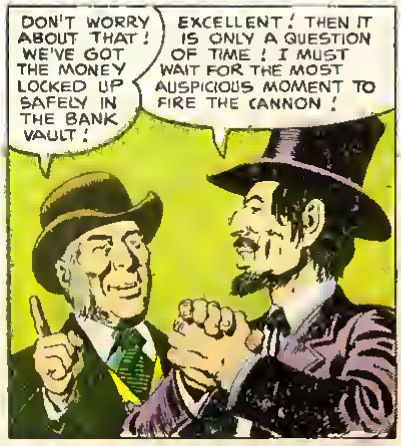

NOT MUCH EXCEPT WAIT AND HOPE! BUT WE'RE THINKING OF HIRING A RAINMAKER! IN FACT THEY'RE MEETING ABOUT IT NOW AT THE HOTEL! WANT TO COME ALONG?
SURE! I HEARD ABOUT THESE RAINMAKERS, BUT I NEVER DID SEE ONE!

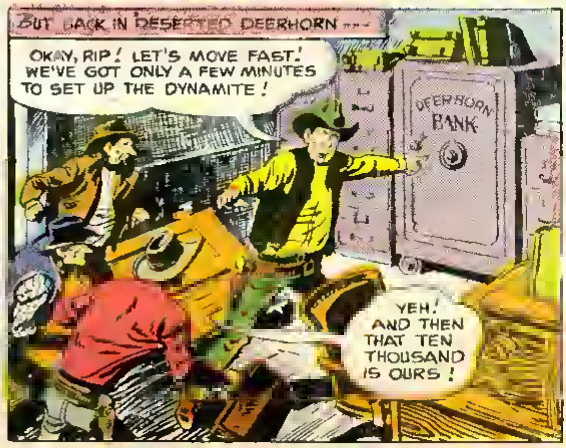
AT THE HOTEL ---
AS I UNDERSTAND IT, PROFESSOR, THE TOWN PUTS UP TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND YOU --- ONE THOUSAND !
CORRECT ! IF I BRING RAIN, I GET YOUR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, BUT IF MY METHOD FAILS, I'LL FORFEIT MY MONEY !

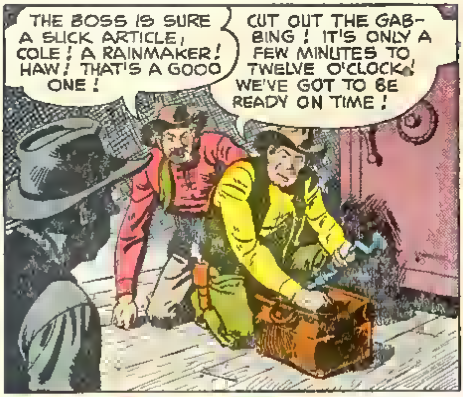

WELL, THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH ! I FIGURE WE HAVEN'T MUCH TO LOSE ! WE'LL HAVE OUR MONEY IN THE BANK TOMORROW MORNING !
FINE ! HERE'S MY THOUSAND ! I'D BETTER GET STARTED NOW ! ER -- I HAVE A LOT OF EQUIPMENT TO MOVE IN !

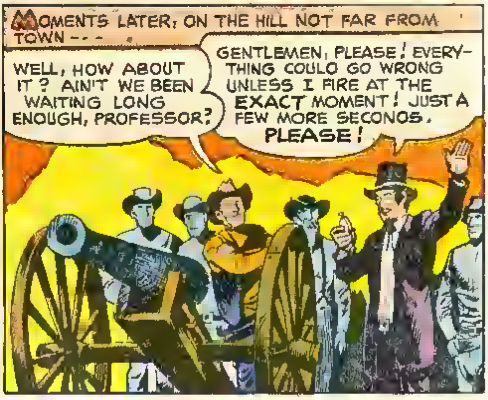
THE NEXT MORNING, ROCKY FOLLOWS THE LOCAL CITIZENS OUT OF TOWN TO WATCH THE RAINMAKER !
LOOKS AS IF HE'S SETTING UP CANNONS ALONG THAT HILL, SHERIFF !
CANNONS ! SAY, HE DOESN'T THINK HE'S GONNA MAKE IT RAIN THAT WAY, DOES HE ? COME ON, I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS !

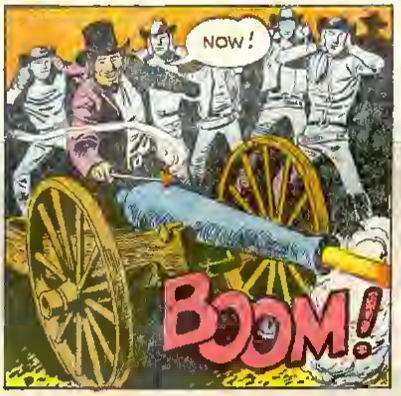
ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR ! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR ? LET'S GO !
JUST A MOMENT, FRIENDS ! ALLOW ME TO INQUIRE ABOUT -- ER -- MY FEE !

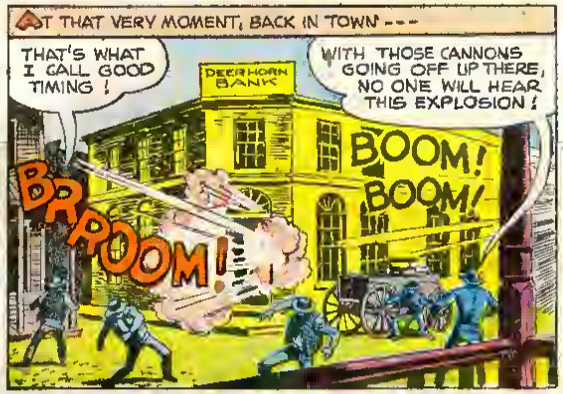

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT ! WE'VE GOT THE MONEY LOCKED UP SAFELY IN THE BANK VAULT !
EXCELLENT ! THEN IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME ! I MUST WAIT FOR THE MOST AUSPICIOUS MOMENT TO FIRE THE CANNON !


BUT BACK IN DESERTED DEERHORN ---
OKAY, RIP ! LET'S MOVE FAST ! WE'VE GOT ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO SET UP THE DYNAMITE !
DEERHORN BANK
YEH ! AND THEN THAT TEN THOUSAND IS OURS !


THE BOSS IS SURE A SLICK ARTICLE, COLE! A RAINMAKER! HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
CUT OUT THE GABBING! IT'S ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO TWELVE O'CLOCK! WE'VE GOT TO BE READY ON TIME!


MOMENTS LATER, ON THE HILL NOT FAR FROM TOWN - - -
WELL, HOW ABOUT IT? AIN'T WE BEEN WAITING LONG ENOUGH, PROFESSOR?
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! EVERYTHING COULD GO WRONG UNLESS I FIRE AT THE EXACT MOMENT! JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS. PLEASE!


NOW!
BOOM!

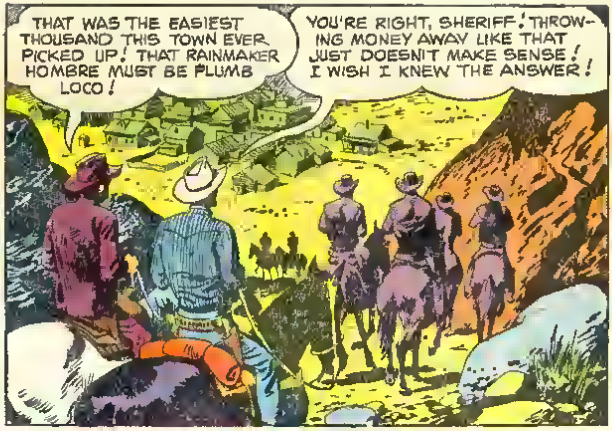

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BACK IN TOWN - - -
THAT'S WHAT I CALL GOOD TIMING!
DEER HORN BANK
WITH THOSE CANNONS GOING OFF UP THERE, NO ONE WILL HEAR THIS EXPLOSION!
BRROOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

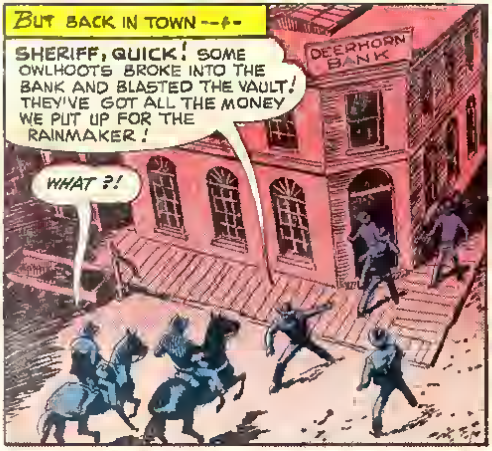
ALL RIGHT, MEN! THERE'S THE MONEY! GET IT INTO THOSE BAGS, AND LET'S VAMOOSE!

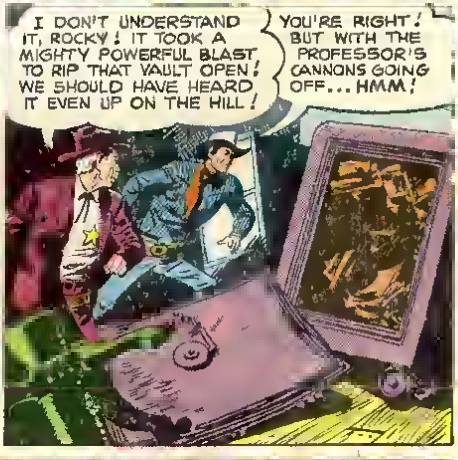
MEANWHILE, ON THE HILL, THE CROWD WAITS VAINLY FOR RAIN!
WELL, THERE SURE WAS A LOT OF NOISE, PROFESSOR, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY RAIN!
BUT THE CLOUDS SHOULD BE GATHERING NOW! IT---IT NEVER FAILED BEFORE!

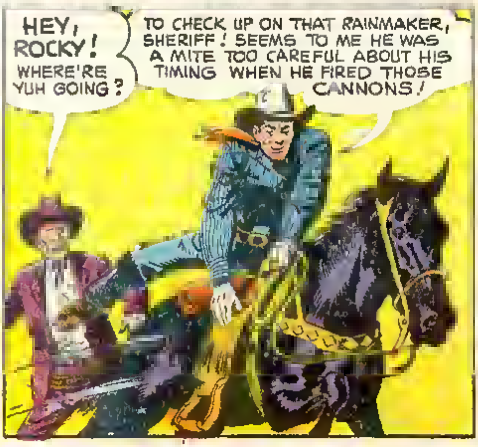
I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND! SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG! WELL, I GUESS I'VE LOST MY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
YOU SURE HAVE, PROFESSOR! HA, HA!

RAINMAKER! HAW, HAW, HAW!

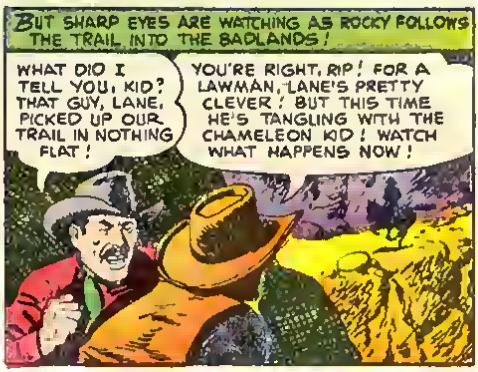

THAT WAS THE EASIEST THOUSAND THIS TOWN EVER PICKED UP! THAT RAINMAKER HOMBRE MUST BE PLUMB LOCO!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF! THROWING MONEY AWAY LIKE THAT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER!

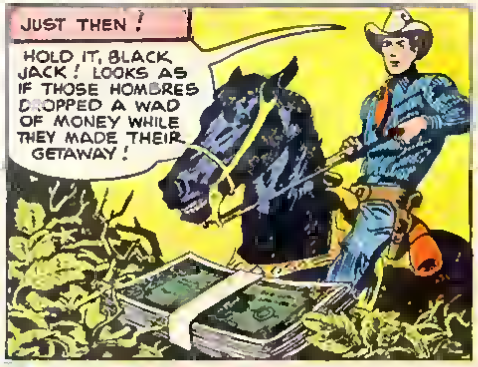

BUT BACK IN TOWN --
SHERIFF, QUICK! SOME OWLHOOTS BROKE INTO THE BANK AND BLASTED THE VAULT! THEY'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY WE PUT UP FOR THE RAINMAKER!
DEERHORN BANK
WHAT?!

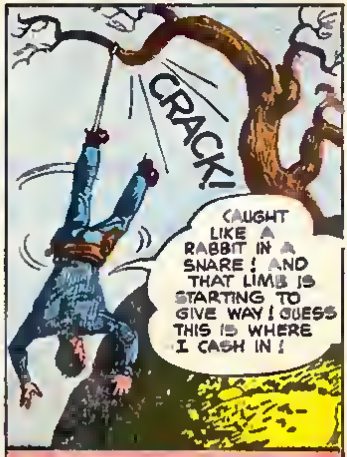

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, ROCKY! IT TOOK A MIGHTY POWERFUL BLAST TO RIP THAT VAULT OPEN! WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD IT EVEN UP ON THE HILL!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WITH THE PROFESSOR'S CANNONS GOING OFF... HMM!


HEY, ROCKY! WHERE'RE YUH GOING?
TO CHECK UP ON THAT RAINMAKER, SHERIFF! SEEMS TO ME HE WAS A MITE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS TIMING WHEN HE FIRED THOSE CANNONS!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ON A SIDE TRAIL --
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE DISCARDED CLOTHES AND ABANDONED CANNONS PROVE THAT THE RAINMAKER WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE GANG WHO BLASTED THE BANK!







IS THIS THE FINISH FOR THE INDOMITABLE SECRET MARSHAL? IS ROCKY LANE DOOMED TO PLUNGE TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW? READ CHAPTER II OF THE CHAMELEON KID!

SAGEBRUSH SEE?

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8 BOOKS IN EACH SET!

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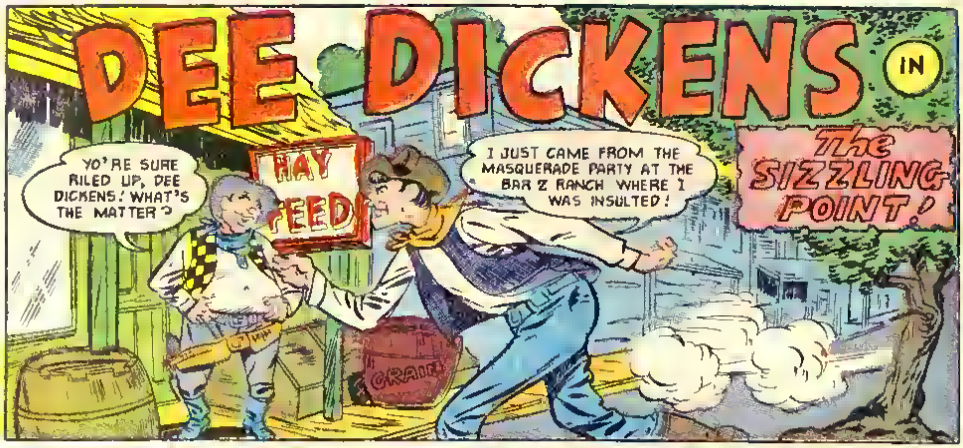
32 ACTION PACKED PAGES IN EVERY BOOK!

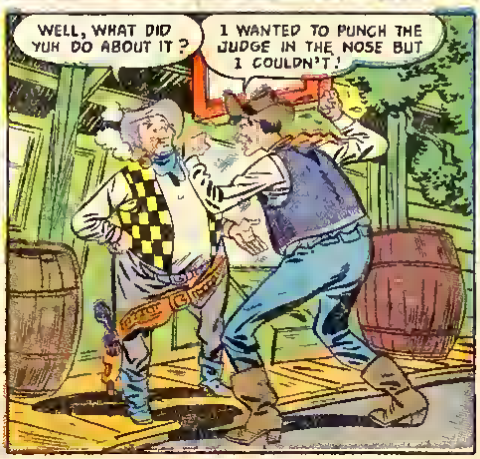
WHEATIES
"Breakfast of Champions"

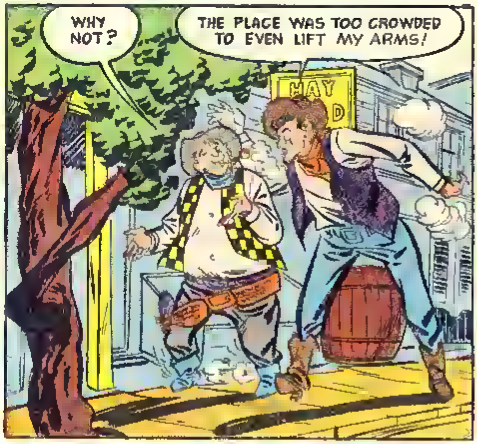

DEE DICKENS IN
THE SIZZLING POINT!
YO'RE SURE RILED UP, DEE DICKENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
HAY
FEED
I JUST CAME FROM THE MASQUERADE PARTY AT THE BAR Z RANCH WHERE I WAS INSULTED!
GRAIN

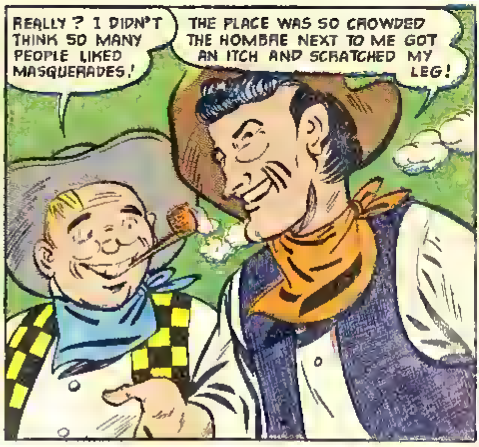
INSULTED? HOW?
THEY GAVE ME THE FIRST PRIZE FOR HAVING THE UGLIEST MASK AT THE MASQUERADE!

WHAT'S INSULTING ABOUT THAT?
I WASN'T WEARING ANY MASK AT THE TIME!

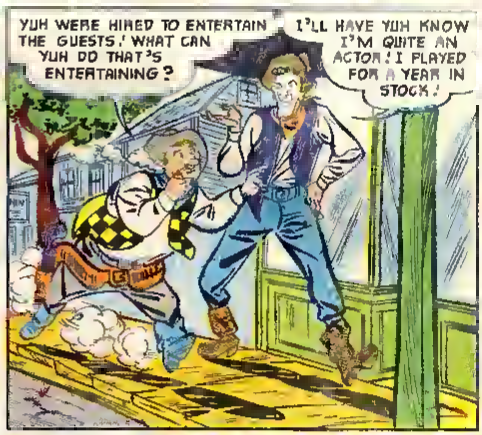
THEY PROBABLY WERE JUST KIDDING YOU!
KIDDING NOTHING! THEY ALMOST RIPPED MY HEAD OFF TRYING TO TAKE THE "MASK" OFF!

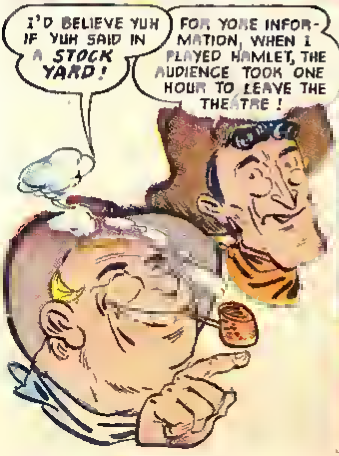

WELL, WHAT DID YUH DO ABOUT IT?
I WANTED TO PUNCH THE JUDGE IN THE NOSE BUT I COULDN'T!


WHY NOT?
THE PLACE WAS TOO CROWDED TO EVEN LIFT MY ARMS!
HAY
D

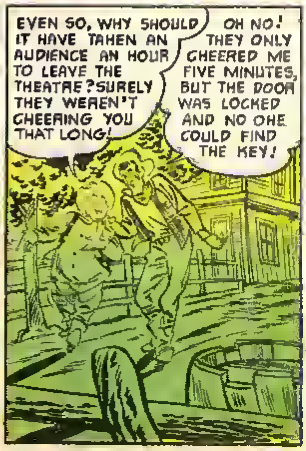

REALLY? I DIDN'T THINK SO MANY PEOPLE LIKED MASQUERADES!
THE PLACE WAS SO CROWDED THE HOMBRE NEXT TO ME GOT AN ITCH AND SCRATCHED MY LEG!

WELL, IF YUH DIDN'T WEAR A MASK OR A COSTUME, WHAT WERE YUH DOING AT THE MASQUERADE, DEE DICKENS?
I WAS HIRED TO ENTERTAIN THE GUESTS!
HARD

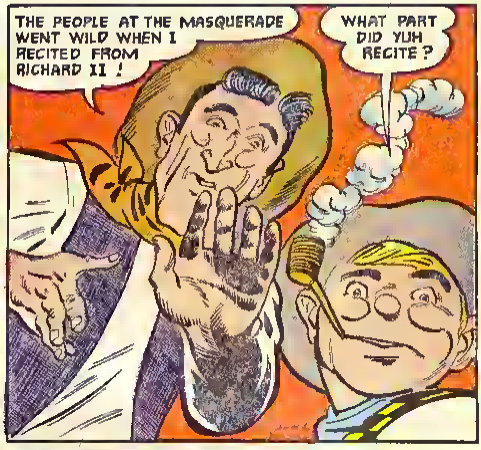

YUH WERE HIRED TO ENTERTAIN THE GUESTS! WHAT CAN YUH DO THAT'S ENTERTAINING?
I'LL HAVE YUH KNOW I'M QUITE AN ACTOR! I PLAYED FOR A YEAR IN STOCK!


I'D BELIEVE YUH IF YUH SAID IN A STOCK YARD!
FOR YORE INFORMATION, WHEN I PLAYED HAMLET, THE AUDIENCE TOOK ONE HOUR TO LEAVE THE THEATRE!

WHY? WAS HE LAME OR SOMETHING?
WHAT DO YUH MEAN HE! THE PLACE WAS MORE CROWDED THAN SARDINES IN A CAN!
HARD
STO

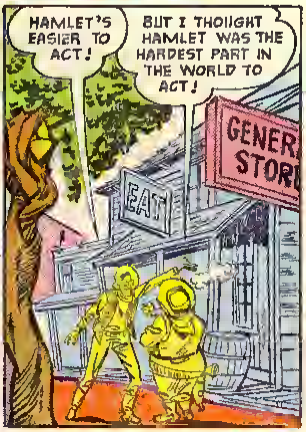

EVEN SO, WHY SHOULD IT HAVE TAKEN AN AUDIENCE AN HOUR TO LEAVE THE THEATRE? SURELY THEY WEREN'T CHEERING YOU THAT LONG!
OH NO! THEY ONLY CHEERED ME FIVE MINUTES, BUT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED AND NO ONE COULD FIND THE KEY!

WOULD YUH LIKE TO HEAR ME RECITE HAMLET?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN HAMLET! RIGHT NOW, I'D BE MORE INTERESTED IN AN OMELET!

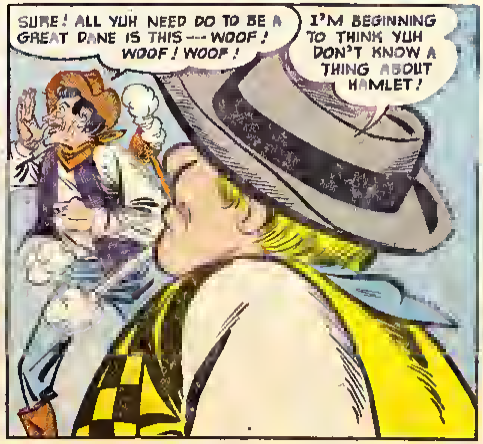

THE PEOPLE AT THE MASQUERADE WENT WILD WHEN I RECITED FROM RICHARD II!
WHAT PART DID YUH RECITE?

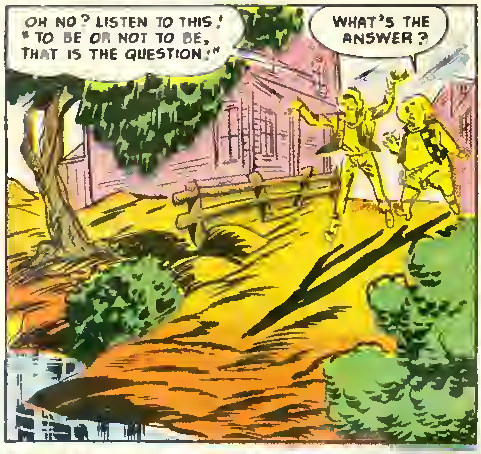
I CRIED, "A HORSE, A HORSE, MY KINGDOM FER A HORSE"!
WILL A JACKASS DO?

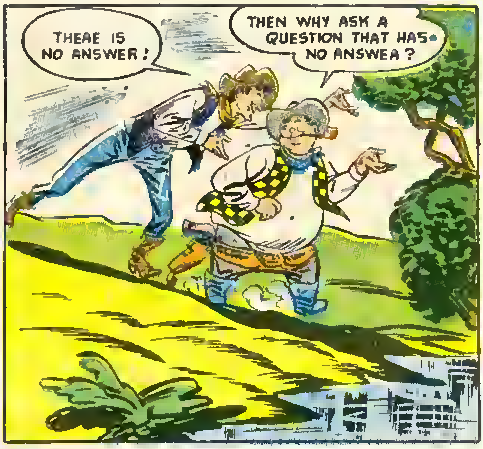
YES, IF YO'RE NOT TOO BUSY!
I SURE ASKED FER THAT ONE! BUT TELL ME, WHICH PART DO YUH LIKE BETTER, RICHARD II OR HAMLET?


HAMLET'S EASIER TO ACT!
BUT I THOUGHT HAMLET WAS THE HARDEST PART IN THE WORLD TO ACT!
EAT

OH NO! HAMLET'S THE PRINCE OF DENMARK AND ANYBODY CAN PLAY A GREAT DANE!
REALLY?


SURE! ALL YUH NEED DO TO BE A GREAT DANE IS THIS — WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YUH DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HAMLET!

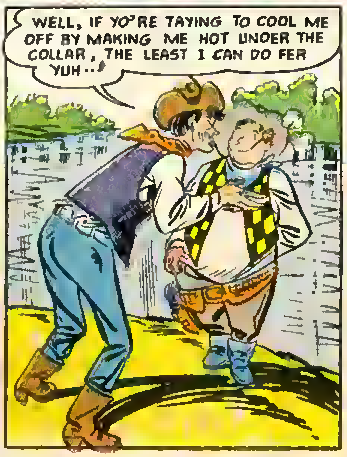

OH NO? LISTEN TO THIS! "TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION!"
WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

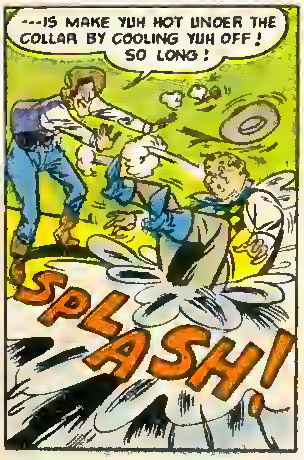

THERE IS NO ANSWER!
THEN WHY ASK A QUESTION THAT HAS NO ANSWER?

I DIDN'T ASK THE QUESTION! SHAKESPEARE DID!
THEN WHY DON'T YUH GO OVER TO SHAKESPEARE AND ASK HIM THE ANSWER?

SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD, YUH FOOL! DIDN'T YUH KNOW THAT HE DIED?
NO! I HAVEN'T SEEN A PAPER IN A WEEK!

LOOK, I HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE AT THE MASQUERADE! ARE YUH TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME, TOO?
I WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE YUH MAD ENOUGH SO YUH'LL FORGET ABOUT BEING INSULTED!


WELL, IF YO'RE TRYING TO COOL ME OFF BY MAKING ME HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, THE LEAST I CAN DO FER YUH...


---IS MAKE YUH HOT UNDER THE COLLAR BY COOLING YUH OFF! SO LONG!
SPLASH!

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane and THE CHAMELEON KID

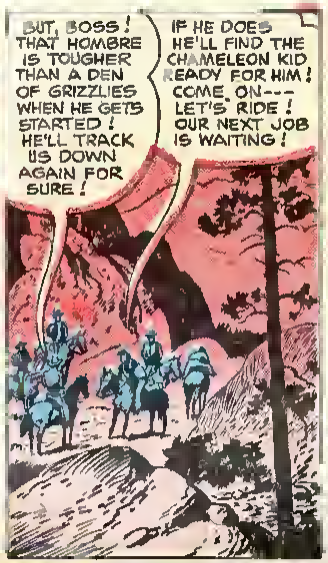
CHAPTER TWO - DOOM IN THE DARKNESS

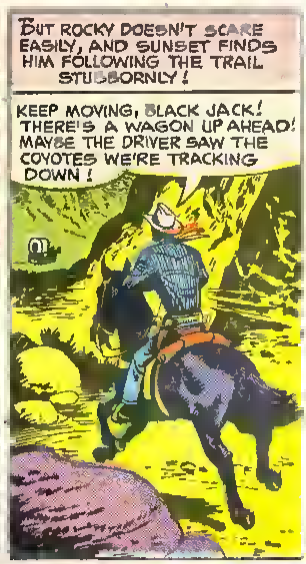
CRACK

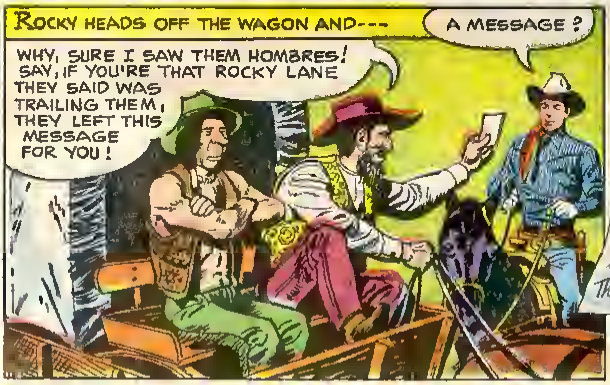
HIGH ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR, ROCKY LANE FACES GRIM DEATH!

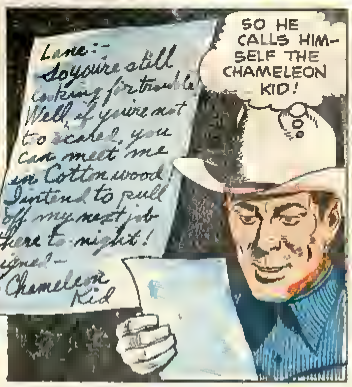
THAT LIMB'S GOING TO BREAK OFF ANY MINUTE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!

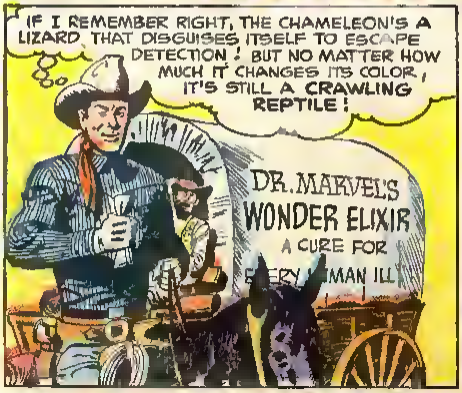
MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CANYON.
LANE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! COME ON, LET'S GO BACK AND GET HIM!
RELAX, RIP! AFTER THAT CLOSE SHAVE, I DOUBT IF HE'LL TRY TANGLING WITH THE CHAMELEON KID AGAIN!

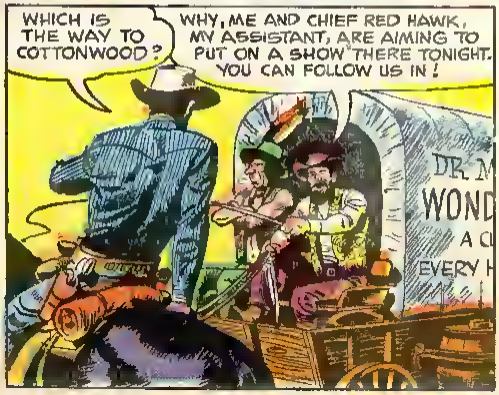

BUT, BOSS! THAT HOMBRE IS TOUGHER THAN A DEN OF GRIZZLIES WHEN HE GETS STARTED! HE'LL TRACK US DOWN AGAIN FOR SURE!
IF HE DOES HE'LL FIND THE CHAMELEON KID READY FOR HIM! COME ON--- LET'S RIDE! OUR NEXT JOB IS WAITING!


BUT ROCKY DOESN'T SCARE EASILY, AND SUNSET FINDS HIM FOLLOWING THE TRAIL STUBBORNLY!
KEEP MOVING, BLACK JACK! THERE'S A WAGON UP AHEAD! MAYBE THE DRIVER SAW THE COYOTES WE'RE TRACKING DOWN!


ROCKY HEADS OFF THE WAGON AND---
A MESSAGE?
WHY, SURE I SAW THEM HOMBRES! SAY, IF YOU'RE THAT ROCKY LANE THEY SAID WAS TRAILING THEM, THEY LEFT THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU!


Lane:-- So you're still looking for trouble. Well, if you're not too scared, you can meet me in Cottonwood. I intend to pull off my next job there tonight! signed-- The Chameleon Kid
SO HE CALLS HIMSELF THE CHAMELEON KID!


IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE CHAMELEON'S A LIZARD THAT DISGUISES ITSELF TO ESCAPE DETECTION! BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT CHANGES ITS COLOR, IT'S STILL A CRAWLING REPTILE!
DR. MARVEL'S WONDER ELIXIR
A CURE FOR


WHICH IS THE WAY TO COTTONWOOD?
WHY, ME AND CHIEF RED HAWK, MY ASSISTANT, ARE AIMING TO PUT ON A SHOW THERE TONIGHT. YOU CAN FOLLOW US IN!

LATER, IN COTTONWOOD, ROCKY WARNS THE LOCAL SHERIFF!
THE WAY I FIGURE IT THEY MUST BE PLANNING SOME BIG SCALE JOB! PERHAPS A RAID ON A BANK!
THERE'S NO BANK IN THIS TOWN! STILL, I DO EXPECT SOME TROUBLE SO I'VE APPOINTED EXTRA DEPUTIES TO HELP ME HANDLE IT!

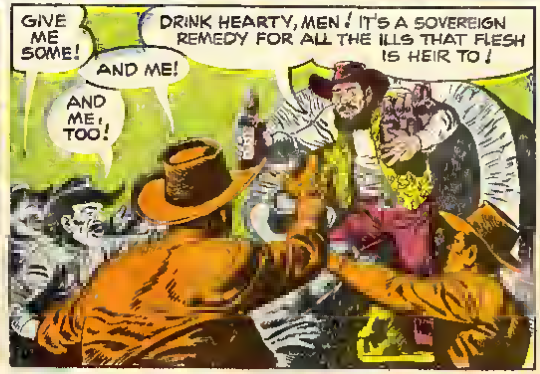
TROUBLE?
IT'S NOTHING MUCH! THIS IS THE END OF THE MONTH AND THE RANCH HANDS'LL BE BUSTING LOOSE WITH THEIR MONTH'S PAY!

WELL, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, I'D LIKE TO LEND YOUR DEPUTIES A HAND JUST IN CASE!
WHY, SURE, LANE! BUT I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS!

THAT NIGHT---
IT'S MIGHTY QUIET IN TOWN!
I'M GLAD THERE'S NO TROUBLE! I'M SURE ENJOYING THAT MEDICINE MAN'S SPIEL!

---AND IT'S A SURE CURE FOR BUNIONS, LUMBAGO, SADDLE GAUL AND THE BLIND STAGGERS ---ELIXIR USUALLY SELLS FOR ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE---

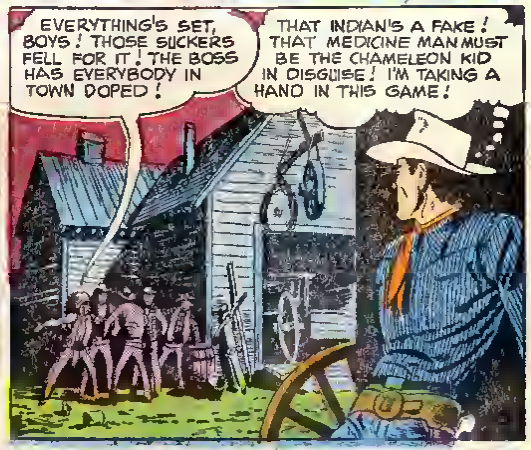
--BUT TONIGHT I'M GIVING A FREE SAMPLE TO EVERY MAN IN TOWN!
WELL, IF IT'S FREE, I'LL TRY A SWIG OF IT, PARD! MY BACK-ACHE IS KILLING ME!


GIVE ME SOME!
DRINK HEARTY, MEN! IT'S A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO!
AND ME!
AND ME, TOO!

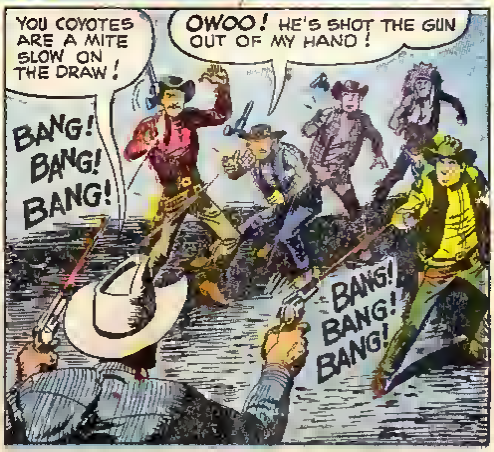
SAY, IT'S JUST LIKE HE SAYS! THAT STUFF MAKES ME FEEL GOOD ALL OVER!
MAYBE I'LL TRY SOME OF IT, TOO! I'VE NEVER BOUGHT ANY OF THIS STUFF BEFORE!

WAIT! SOME OF THE MEN WHO TASTED THAT MEDICINE SEEM TO BE FALLING ASLEEP!

AND THAT INDIAN CHIEF! HE'S HEADING DOWN THAT SIDE ALLEY! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS! I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM!


EVERYTHING'S SET, BOYS! THOSE SUCKERS FELL FOR IT! THE BOSS HAS EVERYBODY IN TOWN DOPED!
THAT INDIAN'S A FAKE! THAT MEDICINE MAN MUST BE THE CHAMELEON KID IN DISGUISE! I'M TAKING A HAND IN THIS GAME!

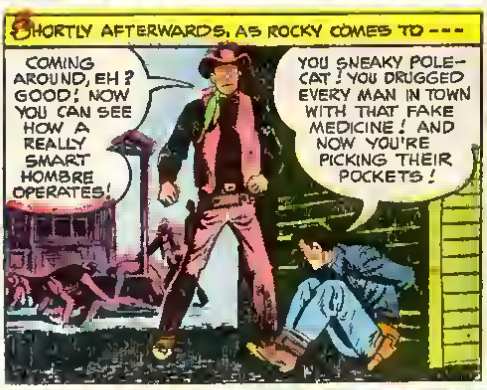
ALL RIGHT, YOU HOMBRES, REACH!
IT'S ROCKY LANE! FEED HIM LEAD, BOYS!

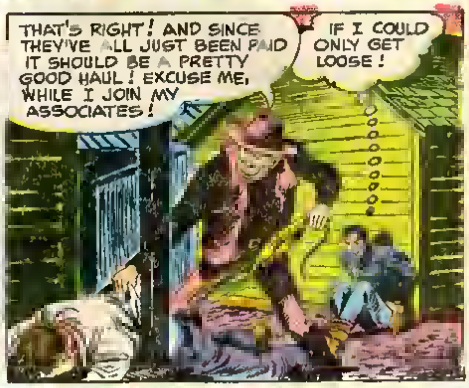

YOU COYOTES ARE A MITE SLOW ON THE DRAW!
OWOO! HE'S SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

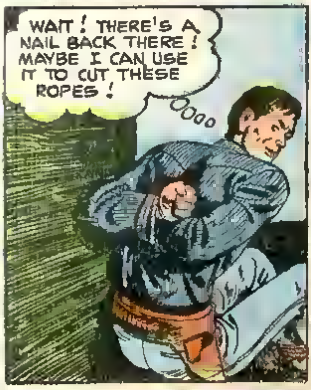
BUT A SILENT FIGURE HAS SLIPPED UP BEHIND ROCKY AND ----
THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!
KLUNK!

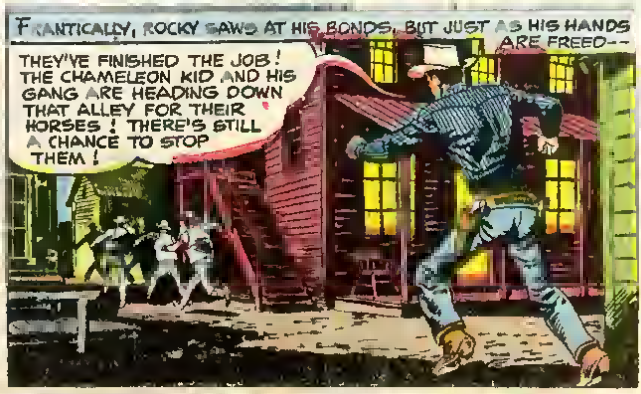
OKAY, BOSS! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE HE MAKES ANY MORE TROUBLE FOR US!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, RIP! THERE'S NO NEED TO GET ROUGH---YET! HE'S STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE HE CAN OUTSMART THE CHAMELEON KID!

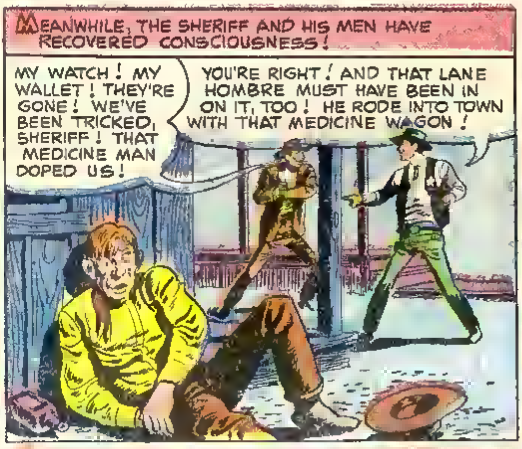
COLE, TIE HIM UP AND BRING HIM UP FRONT! THE REST OF YOU COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOT TO GET STARTED! THE DOPE I FED THOSE SUCKERS WILL BE WEARING OFF SOON!

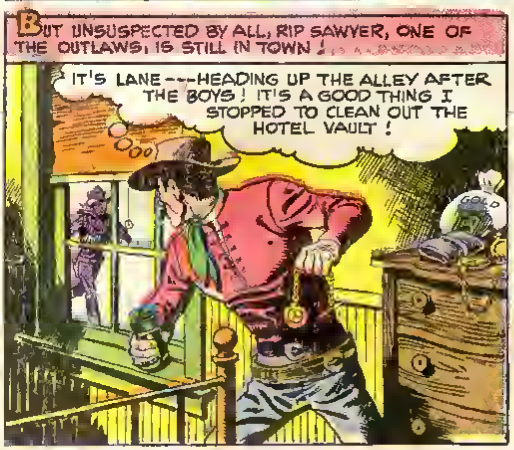

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS ROCKY COMES TO ---
COMING AROUND, EH? GOOD! NOW YOU CAN SEE HOW A REALLY SMART HOMBRE OPERATES!
YOU SNEAKY POLE-CAT! YOU DRUGGED EVERY MAN IN TOWN WITH THAT FAKE MEDICINE! AND NOW YOU'RE PICKING THEIR POCKETS!


THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE THEY'VE ALL JUST BEEN PAID IT SHOULD BE A PRETTY GOOD HAUL! EXCUSE ME, WHILE I JOIN MY ASSOCIATES!
IF I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE!


WAIT! THERE'S A NAIL BACK THERE! MAYBE I CAN USE IT TO CUT THESE ROPES!
OOOO


FRANTICALLY, ROCKY SAWS AT HIS BONDS, BUT JUST AS HIS HANDS ARE FREED--
THEY'VE FINISHED THE JOB! THE CHAMELEON KID AND HIS GANG ARE HEADING DOWN THAT ALLEY FOR THEIR HORSES! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO STOP THEM!

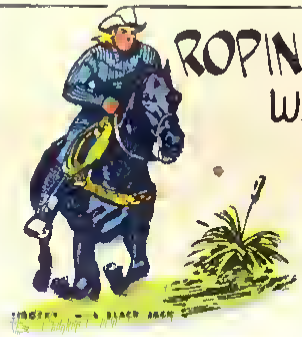




IS THIS THE END FOR THE FAMOUS ROCKY LANE?

WILL A BULLET-RIDDLED FINALITY IN THE MUD OF A DESERTED ALLEYWAY END HIS CAREER?

READ ON FOR CHAPTER II OF THE CHAMELEON KID!



ROPING 'N' RIDING With ALLAN "Rocky" LANE AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY, PARTNERS,

IF BLACK JACK AND I SEEM A LITTLE TIRED, IT'S BECAUSE WE'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE COUNTY FAIR. AND A MIGHTY GOOD TIME WE HAD, TOO. I WAS SURE HAPPY TO SEE WILL FOSTER WALK OFF WITH ALL THE CROP PRIZES HE DID. THERE'S A REAL STORY BEHIND THAT.

YOU SEE, WILL FOSTER TOOK OVER THE OLD HASKINS PLACE, A PARCEL OF LAND ALL THE OTHER FARMERS SAID WAS BAD FARMLAND, AND EVEN WORSE FOR RAISING GOOD STOCK. BUT WILL FOSTER TRIED WORKING IT THE WAY HIS PREDECESSORS HAD, TILL HE SAW HE WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE. THEN HE MENTIONED TO THE OTHER RANCHERS AND FARMERS THAT HE'D SENT AWAY TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE LATEST METHODS AND CHEMICALS ON SOIL TREATMENT. THE OTHER FARMERS ALL HOOTED IN DERISION. THEY SAID THERE WAS BUT ONE WAY TO FARM A PIECE OF LAND AND IF IT DIDN'T WORK, THE LAND WAS JUST PLUMB NO GOOD.

WELL, WILL GOT THE MATERIAL HE WANTED FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND BEGAN USING IT, TRYING TO GIVE HIS LAND NEW LIFE, ROTATING THE CROPS AND OTHER METHODS. IT WAS SLOW, AND FOR A LONG TIME THERE WAS NOTHING TO SHOW. THE OTHER FARMERS WOULD GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO RIDICULE WILL. THEN ONE SEASON HE STARTED COMING UP WITH SOME FINE CROPS. THE OTHERS CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT. WILL BEGAN RAISING BETTER CROPS EVERY SEASON --- BETTER THAN ANYONE'S. BUT THE OTHERS DOGGEDLY STUCK TO THEIR OLD METHODS OF FARMING, TILL THIS WEEK WHEN WILL WALKED AWAY WITH NEARLY EVERY PRIZE AT THE FAIR. NOW INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THEY'RE LISTENING TO WILL TELL THEM OF THE NEWER METHODS OF FARMING AND SOIL CARE.

SO YOU SEE, PARTNERS, IF YOU'RE PROGRESSIVE AND NOT AFRAID OF USING NEW, IMPROVED DISCOVERIES, YOU'LL WIND UP FAR AHEAD OF THOSE WHO LAUGH AT YOU. AND YOU'LL STAND OUT AT THE HEAD OF THE CROWD. BUT NOW, BLACK JACK AND I'LL BE HEADING ON. WE'LL BE THINKING ABOUT ALL OF YOU TILL THIS TIME NEXT MONTH. GOOD RIDING, PARTNERS!

YOUR PALS,
Allan "Rocky" Lane
AND BLACK JACK

"TILT AND SEE PICTURE MOVE."

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ONE IN EVERY BOX OF*

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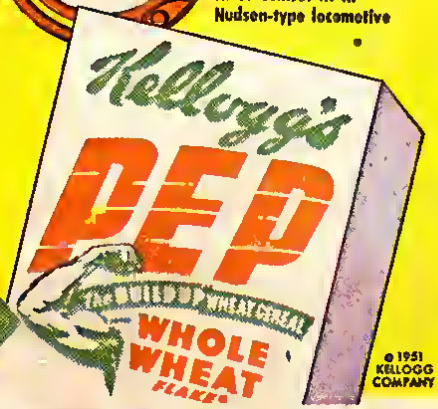

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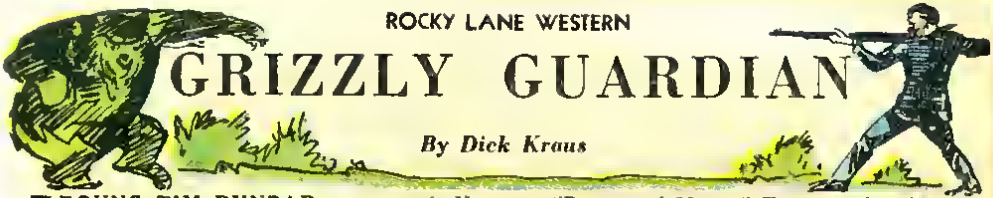
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



GRIZZLY GUARDIAN

By Dick Kraus

YOUNG TIM DUNBAR was scared. He was so scared, that the palms of his hand grew moist and slippery against the worn stock of his forest's Remington.

Every forest sound became a threat that made him whirl about and sent his hair rising like a porcupine's quills. He had a right to be scared, for old One-Ear was a killer grizzly—a giant bear that had been slaying ranch stock for the past five years. Every attempt to trap or poison Old One-Ear, or to run him down with hounds, had failed! Cunning and voracious, the huge grizzly had continued to live in the Snow Peak mountain country—and to live at his pleasure, off the sheep and steers of the nearby ranches.

And now—at last—Tim Dunbar, son of a local rancher, had discovered Old One-Ear's hide-out. He crouched, looking at it. It was a deep, dark, evil-smelling crevice in a rock cliff-side, littered all about with gnawed bones. Before it, the youth saw the clearly-marked prints of a bear—a grizzly so large that they could only have been made by Old One-Ear! The prints were fresh, but there was no other sign of the presence of the killer beast. Evidently, he was away, on a hunting foray.

"And I've found his den," whispered Tim Dunbar to himself.

"I'll be able to tell my dad and the cowboys, and they'll set an ambush for him. Our stock will be safe at last!"

Turning away, Tim Dunbar started down the mountain slope. He would have to get help . . . and fast!

But, no sooner had he gone a quarter-mile down the slope, than he halted. His keen eyes had caught a glimpse of a pile of stones to the side of the trail he was following. They looked strange, as if they had been placed that way recently—by human hands! Quickly, he hurried over to the unusual cairn, and started to lift the top rocks off. Reaching the ground level, he uncovered a heavy canvas packet with the letters, "P. and M." marked faintly on it.

"P . . . and M . . ." Tim mused to himself, fumbling with the packet in an attempt to open it. "Why, that must mean the Plain and Mountain Stage! They had a bad holdup down on the highway last week. I wonder . . ."

Swiftly, he tore the packet open and thrust his hand inside.

His eyes grew wide as he felt the contents of the packet, and drew them forth into the light.

"Greenbacks!" It was more money than Tim had ever seen before in his life. "The money from the stage! I reckon the outlaws had to hide it here for a while, figuring they couldn't risk a getaway right after the robbery. But what'll I do with it now? If I try to go down to the ranch with it now, they may see me . . ."

He clutched the packet full of money to his chest, his thoughts racing. If only there was a place he could hide the money temporarily . . . a place he knew would be safe! Where could he put it? Then the idea came to him, and he started back up the mountainside . . .

Half an hour later, Tim hurried back down the slope toward his father's ranch. He had to find his dad and to tell him about the two things he had discovered! Old One-Ear's den—and the loot from the recent stage holdup . . .

But suddenly, as Tim Dunbar crossed a shale-covered stretch of mountainside, he saw two men approaching, coming out from behind a huge boulder. They were big men, unshaven, and they were heavily armed. They eyed Jim with suspicion and separated, as by mutual consent, as he came near them. Then, when he was but a few steps away, they closed in on him.

"Howdy, kid," one of them began. "Where've you been? Hunting deer?"

"N-no!" stammered the rancher's son, feeling the menace in the older man's voice. "I-I was b-berry picking."

"B-berries, eh?" the big stranger mocked. "You didn't see anything else, did you? Anything . . . hidden?" He kept his keen eyes on Tim's face, and he saw the boy change ex-

pression. "Anything like a packet hidden under some stones!"

The boy began to flush, and he realized that his face was giving him away, under the stranger's suspicious questioning. He could not hide the truth from the man! And, if they knew about the money packet, they had to be the holdup men. Quickly, imperceptibly, he began to bring the Remington up! They would not take him without a fight . . .

"Grab him!" one of the men shouted. They dove toward Tim, one man seizing the rifle in an iron grasp and the other catching the boy by the shoulder and hurling him to the ground.

"Get up!" the man said, pointing the rifle at him.

"The easy talkin' is over! Now we mean business. Soon as we saw you skedaddling down out of the hills, we knew you'd spotted our cache. Now, did you leave it where it was or did you hide it?" Tim Dunbar was silent. "Quick!" the man grunted, slapping the boy sharply across the face. "Where is it? Talk up!"

Flinching from the savage, cutting blow, Tim realized it was no use trying to hide the truth. These outlaws would stop at nothing to recover their hidden loot. He'd have to show them where the money packet was.

"S-top," he muttered. "I'll tell you. I found the money—and I hid it. I reckoned I'd tell my dad—"

—and *he'd* tell the sheriff, eh?" broke in one of the outlaws. "Not by a long sight! You're taking us to it . . . now!"

Tim Dunbar had no choice. Single file, he led the two badmen up the slope. As he walked, he could feel the rifle pointing at his back—and he felt a desperate drive to fling himself to the side, in an attempt to escape. But he knew that he could not move more than a few steps before they would gun him down. Soon the youth and the two men passed by the littered cairn, where the stage packet had been. One of the outlaws swore bitterly, but the other man quieted him.

"Keep going, kid," he said. "And hurry."

Soon, they approached the dark crevice in the cliffside that Tim Dunbar had seen earlier. He pointed toward the entrance to the cave.

"There it is," he said. "Inside there."

The outlaw pointed with the Remington. "Go in and get it," he muttered. "We'll wait here."

Hesitatingly, Tim started into the evil-smelling den. At first, he had thought it was a good idea to throw the packet in here. He had figured no man would dare come close to the cave of Old One-Ear, until his father and his men killed the giant grizzly. And then, they'd have been able to reclaim the packet. He reached out a trembling hand and touched the canvas. Clutching it, he started to turn, when he heard a tremendous, soughing roar! It was the fighting cry of Old One-Ear!

Crouching and looking out, he saw a terrifying sight!

The huge bear had been lurking in the underbrush, and had suddenly charged, from a short distance, toward the men who had invaded his territory! In a few giant paces, he reached them and lashed out at them with a tooth-and-claw attack. One of the men was immediately thrown to the ground, the rifle dashed from his grip, and then the bear lunged toward the other man.

Wide-eyed, Tim Dunbar saw the Remington dropping to the ground by the cave entrance! It represented his only chance—and it was a slim one. But he had to take it . . .

Seizing the rifle, shooting from a crouched position in the mouth of the cave, he aimed up at the enraged grizzly. The gun thundered like a cannon in the confined space, and slammed back against his shoulder like a sledge hammer. But he shot again and again, aiming at the grizzly's throat and head. At the first shot, Old One-Ear had shuddered. Baring his long yellowed fangs, he had turned from his other victims toward the boy. But, as he lumbered forward, bullet after bullet had thudded into him! And finally, when he was scant inches from the boy, he staggered forward and fell—dead!

TIM DUNBAR rose, the rifle in one hand, and the canvas packet in the other. Old One-Ear lay at his side—and the two outlaws were moaning on the ground, seriously wounded.

The boy shook his head slowly.

"When I started out this morning," he said, "I aimed to do a little berry picking!" He shook his head. "Two outlaws and a killer grizzly add up to a lot of barries! Great Day!"

Then he started to run down to his father's ranch.

THE END

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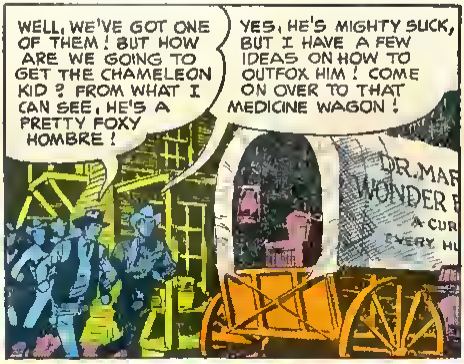
Rocky Lane and THE CHAMELEON KID

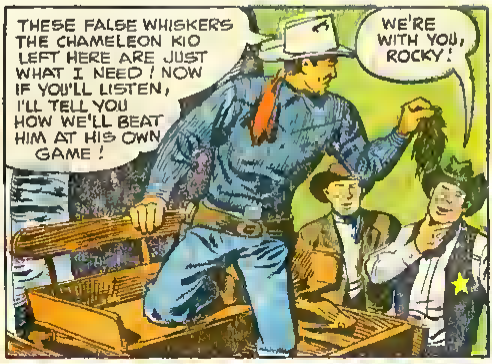
CHAPTER THREE – THE GOLD RAID

I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY ABOUT THIS! I NEVER THOUGHT THE FAMOUS ROCKY LANE WOULD TIE UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVING OWLHOOTS!

ME NEITHER, SHERIFF! SAY, MAYBE WE WERE WRONG IN SHOOTING FIRST AND ASKING QUESTIONS AFTER!

ON THE CHILL DARKNESS, A BULLET-SCARRED BODY LIES IN THE ALLEYWAY!

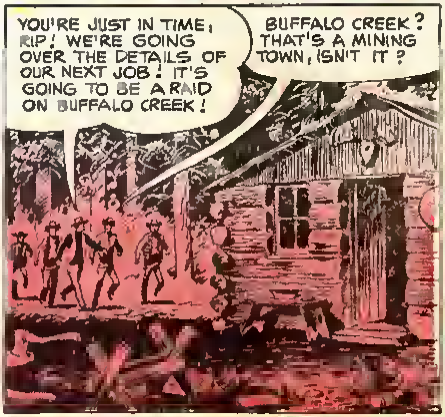

WELL, WE'VE GOT ONE OF THEM! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE CHAMELEON KID? FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, HE'S A PRETTY FOXY HOMBRE!
YES, HE'S MIGHTY SUCK, BUT I HAVE A FEW IDEAS ON HOW TO OUTFOX HIM! COME ON OVER TO THAT MEDICINE WAGON!

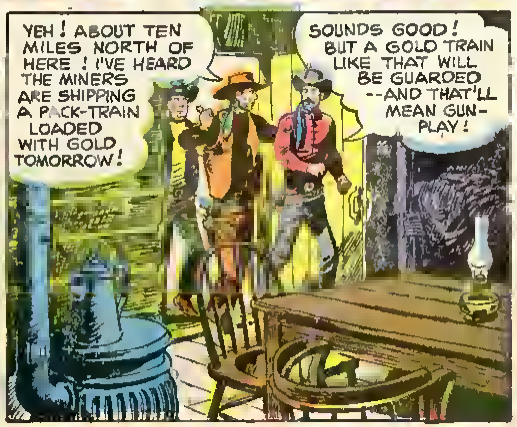

THESE FALSE WHISKERS THE CHAMELEON KID LEFT HERE ARE JUST WHAT I NEED! NOW IF YOU'LL LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU HOW WE'LL BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME!
WE'RE WITH YOU, ROCKY!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A LONE RIDER MOVES ALONG THE TRAIL OF THE GANG! SUDDENLY ---
HEY, BOSS! LOOK WHO'S DOWN THERE!
IT'S RIP!

YAHOO! HOWDY, RIP! WE THOUGHT THEY GOT YOU BACK IN TOWN!
MY DISGUISE SEEMS TO BE FOOLING THEM! WONDER WHAT THEY'D DO IF THEY DISCOVERED I WAS ROCKY LANE WEARING RIP'S CLOTHES AND FALSE MUSTACHE?

GLAD TO SEE YOU, RIP! WHAT HAPPENED?
THEY SPOTTED ME AS I WAS LEAVING TOWN! THEY TRAILED ME ALL NIGHT, BUT I THREW THEM OFF AND HEADED FOR THE HIDE-OUT!


YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, RIP! WE'RE GOING OVER THE DETAILS OF OUR NEXT JOB! IT'S GOING TO BE A RAID ON BUFFALO CREEK!
BUFFALO CREEK? THAT'S A MINING TOWN, ISN'T IT?


YEH! ABOUT TEN MILES NORTH OF HERE! I'VE HEARD THE MINERS ARE SHIPPING A PACK-TRAIN LOADED WITH GOLD TOMORROW!
SOUNDS GOOD! BUT A GOLD TRAIN LIKE THAT WILL BE GUARDED --AND THAT'LL MEAN GUN-PLAY!

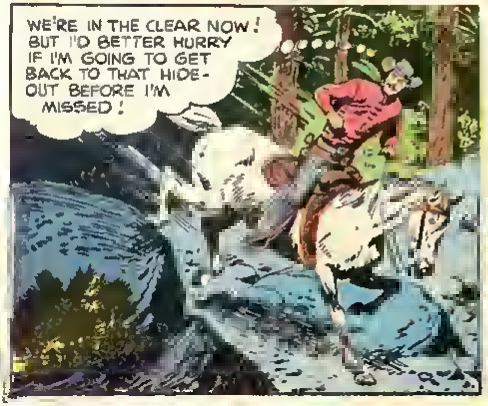
NOT THE WAY I PLAN TO HANDLE IT! I'M RIDING INTO BUFFALO CREEK DISGUISED AS A PROSPECTOR! I'LL TELL EVERYONE I JUST MADE A TERRIFIC GOLD STRIKE IN PINTO CANYON!

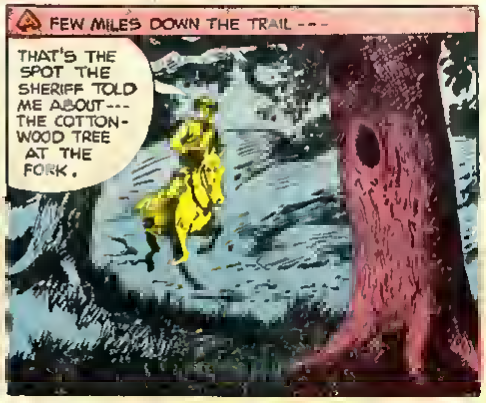
IF I KNOW HUMAN NATURE, EVERY MAN IN THAT TOWN WILL STAMPEDE FOR PINTO CANYON!
AND THE GOLD TRAIN GUARDS, TOO, IS THAT IT?

RIGHT! THEN WHEN THE TOWN IS CLEAR, WE COME IN AND TAKE OVER THE GOLD TRAIN! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, KID! YOU SURE CAN FIGURE 'EM!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! NOW THAT'S SETTLED LET'S HAVE SOME LUNCH!
A PRETTY CLEVER PLAN, BUT IF I HANDLE THIS RIGHT, THE CHAMELEON KID WILL GET QUITE A RECEPTION AT BUFFALO CREEK!

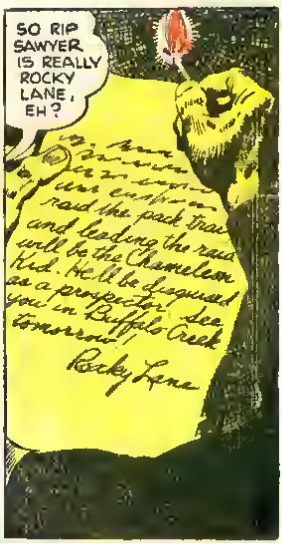
LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADOWY FIGURE SLIPS AWAY FROM THE OUTLAW CAMP!
A GOOD THING THOSE GUARDS ARE ASLEEP!
ZZZZZZ


WE'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW! BUT I'D BETTER HURRY IF I'M GOING TO GET BACK TO THAT HIDE-OUT BEFORE I'M MISSED!

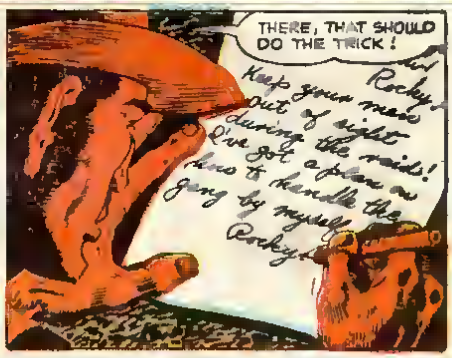

A FEW MILES DOWN THE TRAIL ---
THAT'S THE SPOT THE SHERIFF TOLD ME ABOUT--- THE COTTON-WOOD TREE AT THE FORK.

I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS NOTE FOR THE SHERIFF IN THIS HOLLOW! HE SHOULD PICK IT UP LATER TONIGHT!

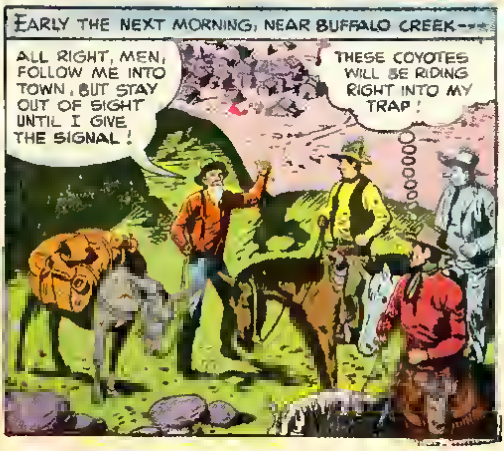
BUT AS ROCKY HEADS BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT---
SEE, I TOLD YOU, KID! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WHEN I SAW RIP SLIP OUT OF CAMP!
COME ON, COLE, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE NOTE HE LEFT!

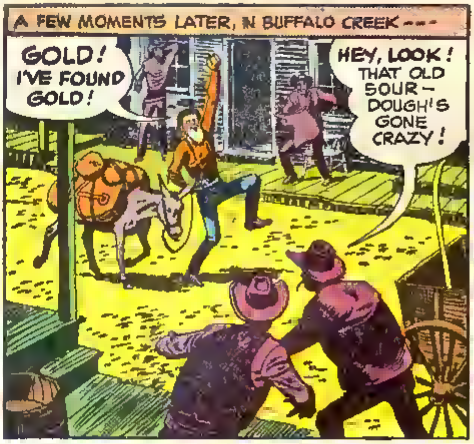

SO RIP SAWYER IS REALLY ROCKY LANE, EH?
I am sorry I'm in your outfit. I read the pack trail and leading the raid. The Chameleon will be the Kid. He'll be disguised as a prospector! See you in Buffalo Creek tomorrow!
Rocky Lane

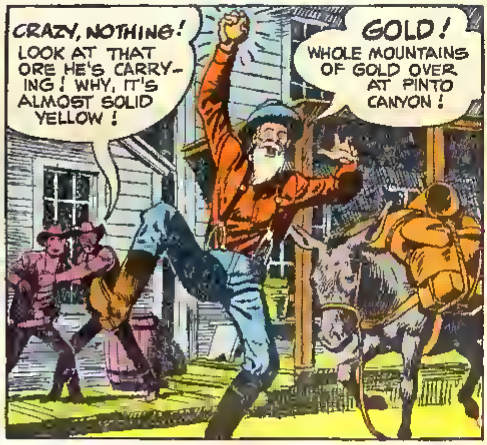
COME ON, KID! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP AND TAKE CARE OF THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING POLECAT!
RELAX, COLE! THIS NOTE OF LANE'S GIVES ME AN IDEA! LIGHT ANOTHER MATCH! I'VE GOT SOME WRITING TO DO!

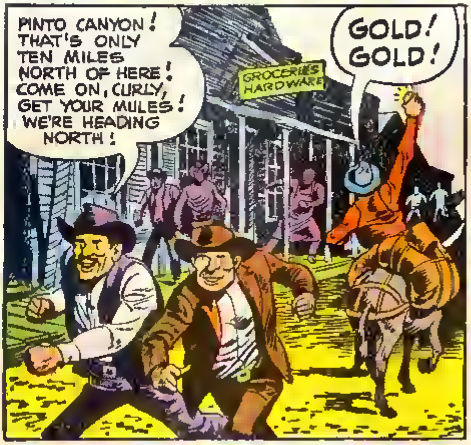

THERE, THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
Rocky, Keep your men out of sight during the raids! I've got a plan to handle the gang by myself. Rocky

I GET IT, BOSS! THAT NOTE WILL MAKE SURE THE SHERIFF STAYS OUT OF OUR WAY WHILE WE GRAB THE GOLD!
RIGHT! THEN WHEN WE GET OUT OF TOWN SAFELY, WE'LL SETTLE WITH LANE ----- ONCE AND FOR ALL!

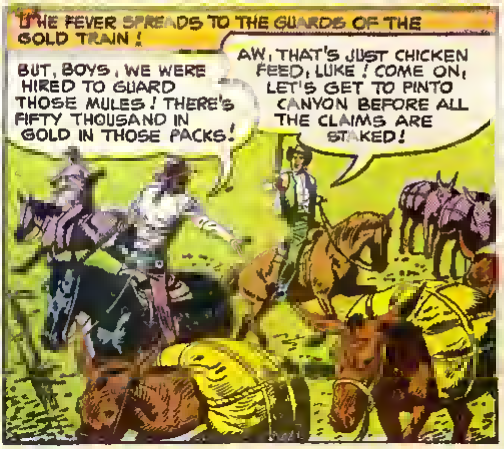

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, NEAR BUFFALO CREEK---
ALL RIGHT, MEN, FOLLOW ME INTO TOWN, BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!
THESE COYOTES WILL BE RIDING RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN BUFFALO CREEK ---
GOLD! I'VE FOUND GOLD!
HEY, LOOK! THAT OLD SOUR-DOUGH'S GONE CRAZY!

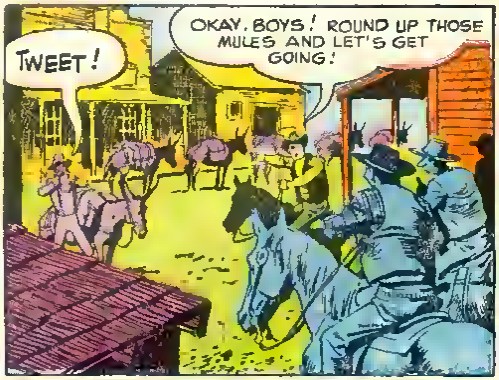

CRAZY, NOTHING! LOOK AT THAT ORE HE'S CARRYING! WHY, IT'S ALMOST SOLID YELLOW!
GOLD! WHOLE MOUNTAINS OF GOLD OVER AT PINTO CANYON!

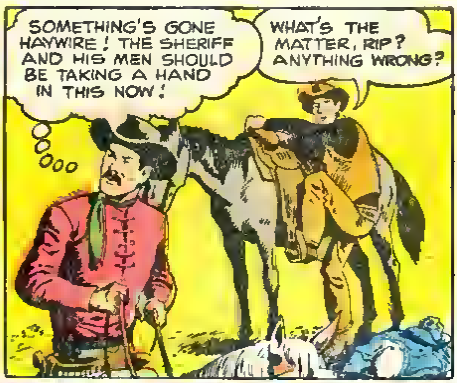

PINTO CANYON! THAT'S ONLY TEN MILES NORTH OF HERE! COME ON, CURLY, GET YOUR MULES! WE'RE HEADING NORTH!
GOLD! GOLD!
GROCERIES HARDWARE

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE TOWN IS A GOLD-CRAZED MADHOUSE!
GOLD!
PINTO CANYON!
MOUNTAINS OF GOLD!
WE'LL ALL BE RICH!


THE FEVER SPREADS TO THE GUARDS OF THE GOLD TRAIN!
BUT, BOYS, WE WERE HIRED TO GUARD THOSE MULES! THERE'S FIFTY THOUSAND IN GOLD IN THOSE PACKS!
AW, THAT'S JUST CHICKEN FEED, LUKE! COME ON, LET'S GET TO PINTO CANYON BEFORE ALL THE CLAIMS ARE STAKED!

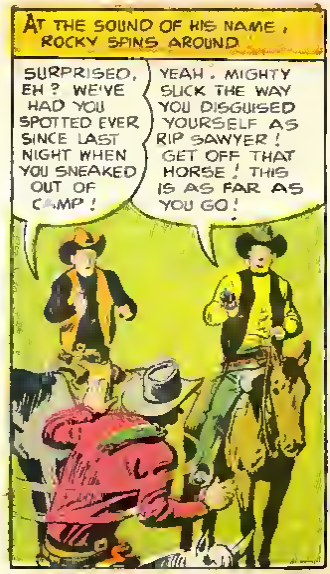
HEY, FELLERS! I'M COMING, TOO! WAIT FER ME!
LOOKS AS IF THOSE POOR FISH TOOK MY BAIT! GUESS I CAN WHISTLE FOR THE BOYS NOW!


TWEET!
OKAY, BOYS! ROUND UP THOSE MULES AND LET'S GET GOING!


SOMETHING'S GONE HAYWIRE! THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN SHOULD BE TAKING A HAND IN THIS NOW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, RIP? ANYTHING WRONG?

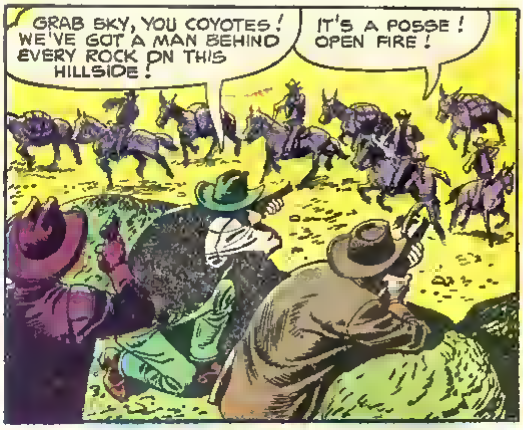
WRONG? ER--NO, BOSS!
THEN LET'S GET MOVING! I WANT TO GET BACK INTO THE HILLS BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!

AS THE GANG HEADS INTO THE HILLS---
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHERIFF? I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ON MY OWN!
SOMETHING STILL BOTHERING YOU, LANE?

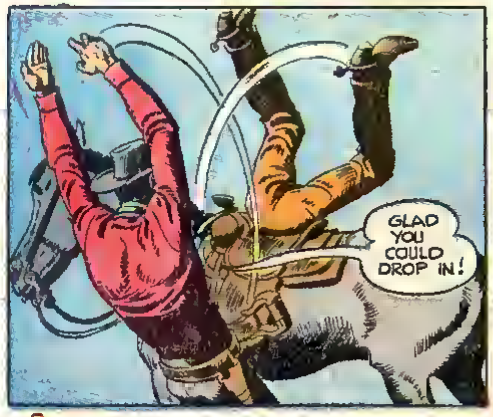

AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, ROCKY SPINS AROUND
SURPRISED, EH? WE'VE HAD YOU SPOTTED EVER SINCE LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU SNEAKED OUT OF CAMP!
YEAH. MIGHTY SLICK THE WAY YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS RIP SAWYER! GET OFF THAT HORSE! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE SHERIFF TO SHOW UP, YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED! WE FIXED UP THAT LITTLE NOTE YOU LEFT IN THE HOLLOW TREE!
YEH! THIS IS YOUR FINISH, HOMBRE! SAY YOUR PRAYERS!

BUT SUDDENLY---
BANG! BANG!
EEEYOW!
MY HAND!


GRAB SKY, YOU COYOTES! WE'VE GOT A MAN BEHIND EVERY ROCK ON THIS HILLSIDE!
IT'S A POSSE! OPEN FIRE!

WHILE MY MEN ARE FINISHING OFF THAT POSSE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE TOO SURE OF THAT, KID!


GLAD YOU COULD DROP IN!

SIT DOWN AND STAY A WHILE!
WHAM!

AFTER THE OWLHOOTS ARE BEATEN, THE SHERIFF EXPLAINS!
WHEN I SAW TWO DIFFERENT HAND-WRITINGS ON YOUR NOTE, I FIGURED YOU'D BEEN SPOTTED AND THEY WERE TRYING TO TRICK US!
I SEE! SO YOU PLAYED ALONG AND THEN CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE OUT HERE IN THE HILLS! GOOD WORK, SHERIFF!

THE CHAMELEON KID IS SURE A WHIZ AT DISGUISES! BUT YOU'RE EVEN BETTER, ROCKY! AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO HIM, IT'D BE DIFFICULT FOR EVEN HIS HENCHMEN TO RECOGNIZE HIM!
AS SMART AS HE WAS, NEITHER THE CHAMELEON KID OR ANYONE ELSE CAN OUT-SMART THE LAW!

gopher face

WHATTA PILL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GOPHERFACE?

I'M STUMPED! COMPLETELY STUMPED!

STUMPED ABOUT WHAT?

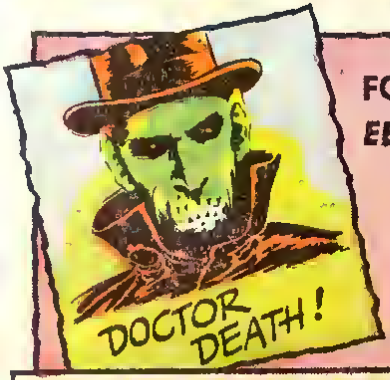
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO DIVIDE THIS PILL IN EXACTLY FOUR EVEN PARTS!

HUH? WHY DOES THE PILL HAVE TO BE DIVIDED INTO EXACTLY FOUR EVEN PARTS?

BECAUSE...

...THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE ONE PILL FOUR TIMES A DAY!

!!!



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